

# F R I E R (5)

AND

Here dwelt a man in my Countie,  
Who in his life had wives three;

A blissing full of joye, his first wife  
His first wife a child he had, which

Which was a pretty floure, and  
A good unhappy man, his wife

His father loved him dearly, and  
His stepmother never lov'd him

I tell you as I think, in  
Things she thought lost, by the flood,

Which might the boy do any good,  
As either meat or drink, or

And yet, I wis, in some husband,  
Or half enough thereof he had,

But even so, the worst, no  
And therefore call might she find,

That wrought the little boy fast,  
So far forth as the durst, I

Unto the man the wife gave  
Would ye purchase his boy, or

And that right soon he  
Truly he is a wicked Lade,

Would some other man him  
That would him better chaste,

Then said the good man, Dost  
Will not let the young boy

Hee's but of tender age, and  
I shall wish me this year

Will he be grown more strong, and  
For to win better wages

We have a man, a sturdy Lade,  
Who keeps our Neare the fields

And slepeth all the day,  
I shall hide home, as God

And lack that pass, and  
To keep them, if he may,

I said the wife: In verities,  
Husband



Husband, therefore give comfort.

For that I think it need,  
On the morrow when it was day,  
The little boy went on his way,  
Towards the fields with speed. **H. A.**  
Of no man took he any care.

But sung, Hey ho, away the mure,  
With mirth he did pursue.  
Forward he drew with wight and main,  
Till he came amidst the plain.

And then his dinner drew,  
But when he saw it was so bad,  
Full little list thereto he had,  
And put it up from sight.

Saying: He had no will to taste,  
And that his hunger still should last.

Till he came home at night,  
Now as the boy sat on a hill,  
There came an old man him with,

Was walking by the way:  
Who said: My son, now God thee see,  
Full welcome Father may ye be,  
The little boy did say.

The old man said: I hunger sore,  
Hast thou any meat in store,  
Which thou mayest give to me?

The boy reply'd: So God me send,  
No such poor victuals as I have.

Alight welcome you that be,  
Of this the old man was full glad.

The boy drew forth such as he had,  
And said: Go ye gladly.

The old man easie was to please,  
He ate, and made himself at ease.

Saying: This good mercy you have,  
And for the more that gave to me.

I will give three things unto thee,  
What e'er thou wilt intreat.

Then said the boy: The best I know,  
That ye give to me a bow,

With which I birds may get,  
A bow, my son, I that thee give.



Which shall last while thou dost live, I will not  
Yea, never bow nor break, nor will I  
If thou shouldst change all day, nor will I  
alking or whispering any word, nor will I  
The mark still shall thou have, nor will I  
Now when the bow he had he felt, nor will I  
And had arrows under his belt, nor will I  
He merry was, I with a frowne, nor will I  
And said: Had I a type which, nor will I  
ough ne're so little, nor will I  
I had all that I wish, nor will I  
type, Son, shall thou have this, nor will I  
Which in true musicke so shall go, nor will I  
I put thee out of doubt, nor will I  
For whosoever that it hear, nor will I  
I shall have no power to forbear, nor will I  
But laugh and leap about, nor will I  
Now tell me what the child shall be, nor will I  
For three things will I give to thee, nor will I  
As I have said before, nor will I  
The boy then smiling, answer made, nor will I  
I have enough for my poor trade, nor will I  
And will desire no more, nor will I  
The old man said: My mouth is plight, nor will I  
Thou shalt have all I have to night, nor will I  
Say on now, let me see, nor will I  
At home I have, the boy replyd, nor will I  
A cruel step-dame full of pride, nor will I  
Who is most curst to mee, nor will I  
When meat my father gives to mee, nor will I  
He wishes poysan it might be, nor will I  
And steech in my face, nor will I  
Now when she putteth on me so, nor will I  
Would she might a dart let go, nor will I  
That might ring through the place, nor will I  
The old man answered then anon, nor will I  
When that she looketh thy face upon, nor will I  
Her tail shall wound the horn, nor will I  
In lowly, that she shall be, nor will I  
That not be able to be, nor will I  
But laugh her out of countenance, nor will I  
A farewell, son, the old man cryd, nor will I



God keep you, the boy said, last night  
I take my leave of thee, now word is given  
And he that best of all things mayest do with  
Protect thee safe both night and day, to please  
Gramercy, for said he, that will stand yet  
When it drew near unto the night, he said  
Jack well advis'd, by'd home full right, but he  
It was his ordinance, that I have given  
And as he went his pipe did blow, his  
The whilst his cattle one rowell of silver  
About him fast did dance, as I said, he said  
Thus to the town he pipeful came, and  
His skipping beasts do follow him, and  
Into his fathers close, and he went  
He went and put them up, each one  
Then went into the house anon, and  
Into the hall he goes, and his father  
His father at his supper set, and  
And little Jack say'd well that, and  
And said to him anon, and  
Father, all day I keep your Neat, and  
At night, I pray you, give me meat, and  
I'm hungry, by Saint John, and  
Meatless I have been all the day, and  
And kept your beasts they did say, and  
My dinner was but little, and  
His father took a cup of wine, and  
And at his son he did hissing, and  
Bidding him eat his fill, and  
This grieves his step-dame heart full sore, and  
Who loathes the lad still more and more, and  
And stares him in the face, and  
With that she let go such a blast, and  
As made the people all aghast, and  
And founded through the place again, and  
Each one did laugh and make good games, and  
But the curst wife grew red for shame, and  
And wisht she had been gone, and  
Pardie, the boy said, and  
That gun was well charged, and  
And might have broken a stone, and  
Full curstly she did him the word, and  
And then another fare let go, and



Which part the wretched  
Quoth Jack, did you never see  
A woman let her pillow see,  
More thick and moist than e'er  
Fy, said the boy unto his Dame,  
Temper thy tell-tale loins for shame,  
Which made her fall of sorrow.  
Dame, said the good maid, goodly way,  
For why? I think by night and day  
Thy gear is made of sorrow.  
Now after wards, as you shall hear,  
Unto the house there came a Frier,  
And lay there all the night;  
This wife did love him as a Saint,  
And to him made a great complaint,  
Of Jack's most vile despite.  
We have, quoth she, within, I wot,  
A wicked boy, none shrewder,  
Which doth me mighty care;  
I dar not look upon his face,  
Nor hardly shew my shameful case,  
So filthily I fare,  
For my sake, meet him to morrow,  
Beat him well, and give him sorrow.  
Yes, quoth the Frier, I will; I will  
The Frier swore, he would him beat;  
She prayed him, none to forget;  
The boy did hear much shame.  
He is a witch, quoth she, I trow;  
But quoth the Frier, I'll beat him well  
Of that take you no care;  
I'll teach him witchcraft, if I may;  
O, quoth the wife, do so, I pray;  
Lay on, and do not spare;  
Early next morning the boy arose,  
And to the field full soon he goes,  
His gun for to drive;  
The Frier up as early got,  
He was afraid he should be met;  
And ran full fast and by his bed;  
But when he came upon the hill,  
He found where little Jack did stand;  
Keeping his bow and arrow



Now boy, he said, And give thee this  
What hast thou done to thy step-dame?  
Tel me forthwith, or I will  
And if thou canst not give thee well  
I'll beat thee till thy body  
I will no longer bide  
The boy reply'd: What aileth thee?  
My step-dame is as well as ye  
What need you thus to chide me?  
Sir, will you see mine accuser?  
And hit you small bird on the eye  
And other things which  
Good Sir, if I have little  
Yet yonder bird I mean to hit  
And give her you I shall  
There sat a small bird on a hawthorn  
Shoot, shoot, thou wast then old the Friar  
For that fall would I see you  
Jack hit the bird upon the head, thob  
So right that she fell down for dead  
No further could she see  
Fast to the bush the Friar then went  
And up the bird in hands he lent  
Much wondering at the chance  
Merrime Jack took his pipe and play'd  
So loud, the Friar's few mad  
And gan to skip and dance  
No sooner he the pipe found heard  
But mad-man like he bound and fard  
Leaping the bush about  
The sharp briers scratcht him by the face,  
And by the breech and other place  
That fast the blood ran down  
He tare his coat down the shirt  
His cap, his cool, his linen shirt  
And every other weed  
The thorns the while were rough & thick  
And did his privy member prick  
That fast they gan to bleed  
Lack as he piped laugh  
The Friar with huckers  
He hopped  
As left the Friar



and said I cannot longer stand  
Oh, I shall dancing die.  
Gentle Jack thy pipe will sing  
And here I woe for good will  
To do thee any wrong  
Jack laughing to him with reply  
Frier, skip out at the other side  
Thou hast free leave to go:  
Out of the bush the Frier then went,  
All marty'rd, ragged, scratcht and rent  
And torn on every side  
Hardly on him was left a clout  
To wrap his belly round about  
His harlotry to hide  
The thorns had scratcht him by the free  
On hands and thighs, and every place  
He was all bare in the world:  
So much that who the Frier did see  
For fear of him were faine to flee  
Thinking he had been wood  
When to the good wife home he came  
He made no brag for very shame  
To see his cloaths rent all:  
Much sorrow in his heart he had,  
And every man did grieve him  
When he was in the street  
The good wife said where hast thou been  
In some devil place I woe  
By sight of thine array  
Dame (said he) I came from thy son,  
The devil and he hath me undone  
No man hath comfort woe  
With that the good man he came  
The wife set on her mourning gown  
Cry'd here is foul wrong  
Thy son that is my life and joy  
Hath almost slain the holy Frier  
Alas and well away  
The good man said himself  
What hath the vile boy done to thee  
Now tell me without fail  
The devil take him, the Frier then said  
I am a poor man, I have no power



Among the thorne the boy goode  
The good-man said unto him that  
Father hadst thou been married  
It had been deadly sin  
The Frier to him made this replye  
The pype did sound so merrily  
That I could never bin  
Now when it grew to almost night  
Lack the boy came home full right  
As he was wont to do  
But when he came unto the hall  
Full soon his Father did him call  
And bid him come him  
Boy he said, come let me hear  
What hast thou done unto this Frier,  
Lye not in any thing  
Father he said, now by my life  
I playde him but a litte while  
and pyped him a litle  
That pype said his father, I would hear  
Now God forbid cryd out the Frier  
His hands then did he wring  
You shal the Boy said by Gods grace  
The Frier replyde wo and alas  
Making his sorrowe  
For Gods love said the wretched Frier  
And if ye will that strange pype hear  
Bind me fast to a post  
For sure my fortune chas I read  
If dance I do, I am but dead,  
My woful life is lost  
Strong ropes they took both sharp and round  
And to the post the frier they bound  
In the middle of the hall  
And they that at the table sat  
Laughed and made good sport  
Saying, Frier thou shalt not fall  
Then said the good-man to the Boy  
Lack pype me up a merry song  
Pype freely when thou wilt  
Father the Boy said yeely  
You shal have mirth enough and glee  
Till you bid me be



And pyped whilst in verment,  
Each creature gan to dance  
Lightly they skip and leape about  
Fearing there legs, now in new out  
Scriving aloft to pounce,  
The good man as in bed defoule,  
Leapt out, and thought, how over his shoul,  
No man could caper thus,  
Some others leape gales, some the flack,  
Some start at flack, and fall ere bloody,  
Some wallowed in the fire,  
The good man made himself good,  
To see the dance, he with foot and hand  
The good-wife sat at his side,  
And fast her tall the dance made  
Loud as a water mill,  
The Prior the while was in the hall,  
He knockt his party against the wall,  
It was his dancing grace,  
The rope rubde him under his shoul,  
That the blood ran from his turrell,  
In many a naked place,  
Black pyping ran in the hall,  
They followed him with a will,  
Having no power to stay,  
And in their haste the door did close,  
Each tumbling over his fellow,  
Remindful of their way,  
The neighbors that were dwelling by the hall,  
Hearing the pyping, some  
Came dancing with a will,  
Some leape and some dance,  
No man would stay to see,  
But though he was in the hall,  
Some sick or sleeping in their bed,  
As they by chance lay in the hall,  
Were with the pyping,  
Straight out they ran,  
Some in their beds, some in the hall,  
And some fast in the hall,



What is all were gathered round about the town  
There was a villainous young lady, long and  
That danced in the streets, and with her  
Of which some have said would have been  
Striving to leap did tumble for  
They daunt on hands and feet, with  
Jack ty'd with sport, old men clench, and  
Do, which his father, I hold it best, and  
Thou cloyst me with thy words, much more  
I pray thee, do not speak, and I will  
In truth this was the worst of all, as  
I heard this seven years, in how many  
All these things, and the children, and  
Laught heartily, and made good games  
Yet some got many a fall, and  
Thou curst, and I will not, and  
Here I am, and I will not, and  
Before the Official, and I will not, and  
Look thou, and I will not, and  
He meet thee then, though now  
For to ordain thy sorrow, and  
The Boy replied, I will not, and  
First he appeared, and I will not, and  
If Friday were so much, and  
But Friday was so much, and  
Lacks sleep, and I will not, and  
Together they were then, and  
And other people, and I will not, and  
Flock to the town, and I will not, and  
The Official was then, and I will not, and  
Much else, and I will not, and  
More Libels read, and I will not, and  
Both against the King, and I will not, and  
Some said, and I will not, and  
Some women were then, and I will not, and  
Which got them, and I will not, and  
Each of them, and I will not, and  
When they were then, and I will not, and  
And I will not, and I will not, and  
Sir Official, and I will not, and  
I have then, and I will not, and  
And I will not, and I will not, and  
And I will not, and I will not, and



This of my ruth I knowe, I am a wretched  
Hell a devil, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
And almost a devil out of my life, I am a devil,  
At that her call and blow, I am a devil,  
Soloud, the assembly laugh and shout,  
And said her piteous crack was fast,  
The charge was all on him, I am a devil,  
Dune (quod some of the best in the house)  
Proceed and tell me what he hath done,  
And do no let for this, no howsoever he be,  
The wife that said another tale, I am a devil,  
Good name I am a devil, I am a devil,  
Shame put her in such a state, I am a devil,  
He (said the Prior) righteously says in this,  
I am a devil, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
Now evil men do such things, I am a devil,  
The Prior said, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
His wicked heart will not be moved,  
Unless you do him shame, I am a devil,  
So, he hath your pype, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
Will make you a devil, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
And break your heart as fast, I am a devil,  
He Official replied good, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
Such a pype I am a devil, I am a devil,  
And what mirth is in such a tale, I am a devil,  
How God forbid, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
What ere we should do, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
Ere I my way hence, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
He on Jack said, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
And let me hear the story, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
Jack blew his pype, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
But every man that heard him, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
And all in that great hall, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
Over the desk the Official said, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
And hope with him, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
Straight I am a devil, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
He Prior that daunt as fast as he,  
He him midway, I am a devil, I am a devil,  
Brake others face full sore,  
A Register leapt from his pen,

And



While I was in his house, I but you to aid  
 The twining could about his head, and a  
 The he strike blind, and walk in the dark  
 Of w Some they could hardly find the path  
 Striv The Professor, the hill above, the  
 Th The good-will, all gave many a hand  
 Jack Performing all the miracle, saw many a  
 Do The Sowers as they had been, and  
 Th Leap o're the fence, and found the  
 I pr And wallowed on the earth, and on  
 In r Weiches that for their own sake  
 It And other goods of worldly fame  
 All Dismitt every one in his own way  
 Lan Each sit upon a mountain, and  
 Y Some took their hands, and found the  
 The And some their hands, and found the  
 Ber The Official then gave them  
 B Half sweet with (some) and some  
 Lo Cry'd to the water, and did not  
 He Toppe no more within the  
 Fe But stay the hand, even for  
 Th And love of Mary, and you  
 Fri I've said as you will, but  
 It Provided I may have  
 Bu And no man do  
 Lic Neither this woman, nor  
 T Nor any other creature  
 Ap He answered him  
 Flo And I'll give thee my  
 7 My Defence, I'll  
 Mu and will oppose  
 Mo Let cast his  
 B Some laughing  
 Son So peried at  
 Son The Official and  
 V The step-dame and  
 Eac With much joy  
 Wh and  
 Jack A  
 Sir  
 Tha  
 and



(6)

# The Cripple's Race.

